

THE ARIEL.

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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FOR THE ARIEL.

The last fifty years have been productive of events in almost every part of the world, which have had a tendency more or less to improve the moral condition of the human race. The state of civilization has kept pace with the advancement of the arts and sciences, notwithstanding the obstacles which have been opposed to their success by the mad ambition of nations and their rulers. From the commencement of the French Revolution, to the termination of the war in Europe, the most malignant passions have been called into action for the purpose of effecting foreign conquest, or promoting intestine commotion.—When avarice and envy sway the minds of monarchs, there is but slender security for the happiness of their subjects. To gratify their pride, or to settle a disputed point of etiquette, are sufficient pretexts to commence hostilities under the most disastrous circumstances to the cause of freedom. The standard of rebellion has been often raised under a false plea of oppression, to cover the sinister designs of aspiring and unprincipled tyrants, who had not the effusion of the innocent blood of thousands to accomplish their ambitious purposes. In the natural course of events, the administration of human affairs, whether public or private, are rendered precarious by many casualties, which cannot be foreseen, and the policy of nations is so guided by selfishness, that when called on to espouse the cause of suffering humanity, or to rescue an heroic people from the iron grasp of tyranny, little reliance can be placed on their professions of friendship. Interest, sordid interest! is the ruling principle of all Governments. The same nations which have withheld their aid from unhappy Poland and the brave Greeks, would not hesitate to wage the most sanguinary war to procure possession of a rich colony, an important fortress, or to gain a small advantage in trade; and what some Governments cannot obtain by force of arms, they endeavor to secure by intrigue, artifice and money. The spirit of innovation in Religion and Politics, has extended through the civilized world, and has been productive of good whenever confined within the limits of reason and moderation. If men act under the benign influence of christianity, and upon pure principles of philanthropy, they must eventually succeed in reforming many of the grievances which arise from political oppression. The efforts of wise and virtuous men to benefit the cause of Religion, have been unfortunately prostrated by the extravagant and fallacious theories with which every age and country have abounded; weak minds are commonly characterised by vanity, and a

fondness for notoriety; these are passions which not unfrequently betray the votaries of folly into flagrant errors, and the most hideous vices. We find some men who are impelled by a discontented and restless disposition, to hazard their reputation by the propagation of doctrines unorthodox and replete with sophistry. All innovations, either in Politics or Religion, which are productive of principles inimical to the peace of mankind, or have the least tendency to sever the moral ties which connect the safety and happiness of society, should be subject to the execration of the public. In the catalogue of capital crimes, treason in barbarous, as well as civilized countries, usually meets with the most rigorous and summary punishment—whilst Atheism is too generally suffered to escape, and this fell monster is permitted to seek unmolested, for prey on which to gorge his fiendish appetite. It is not my intention to enter into a metaphysical disquisition on the subject of Atheism, but to expose the unhappy wretch who denies his God! and renders himself, if possible, more senseless than a maniac, and more degraded than a brute. Who but a despicable freethinker would presume to question the validity of the tenets of the sacred scriptures, to advance a doubt of a future state of rewards and punishments, and of the immortality of the soul. Who that is blessed with the use of his faculties, and is conscious of the exalted rank he holds above all the brute creation, and who is capable of admiring the sublime works of nature, can doubt the existence of deity. It is impossible to conceive a more unhappy mortal than an Atheist, and one more abhorred, and withal, one more dangerous to society. To use the words of the illustrious Lord Bacon, "I had rather believe all the tables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind, and therefore God never wrought miracles to convince Atheism, because his ordinary works convince it." The Atheist, always gloomy, and ever morose and suspicious, is never satisfied but when he is making proselytes to his horrid principles; his propensities are as savage and unnatural as were those of a Caligula; with a heart incapable of sympathy, he is as much a stranger to charitable feelings, as a Robespierre or Marat. When on his death bed, a compunctious conscience reminds him of eternity, and the terrors of Hell are presented to his imagination; tortured by anguish of mind and body, he raves, and in his delirium utters the most dreadful imprecations! and when a ray of reason illumines his mind, he implores most pitiouly the mercy of his Maker, and incessantly invokes the Heavenly

Redeemer to forgive his sins. His last moments are embittered with the most frightful and painful recollections of his sinful conduct. In despair he raises his feeble hands as if to supplicate pardon of the Almighty—at length his voice fails—his eyes grow dim—his wan and pallid visage foretells his approaching dissolution; a faint and mournful groan announces that the wretched Atheist is no more. Man is never so happy and honorable as when he is guided in all his actions through life by religious feelings; the greatest and wisest men who ever existed, were distinguished for their religious devotion. A people divested of a proper and just sense of their religious duties, are generally barbarous in their habits, ferocious in their manners, depraved and vulgar. The people of the United States have strong incitements to attend with scrupulous regard to religious worship, as they are left to the free and uncontrolled exercise of their tenets, and have nothing to fear from the interference of the Government; the ministers of the Gospel in America are distinguished for their exemplary conduct and great piety, and ought to receive through every part of the continent (where there is the least appearance of civilization) the most zealous support from all classes of the community. The Federal Constitution which secures to us our religious and political rights, will be an imperishable memorial of the wisdom of the Statesmen of the Revolution;—they laid the groundwork on which the noble fabric of our liberties has been raised. If we adopt, and pursue the principles of such men as William Penn, Washington and Franklin, we shall never be degraded by fanaticism and bigotry, and never be ensnared by the fallacious, (though plausible) theories of enthusiasts. Every man is not blessed with the prudence and resolution of Ulysses; some will be found less cautious than others; the syren voice of the deceitful adventurer may hold out a prospect of perfect happiness, equality of condition, and mental independence, to all who will embrace his Utopian scheme; but his followers will find to their sorrow, that they exchange a life of ease for one of toil and trouble. There surely is sufficient liberty in the United States for all rational beings; more would only give rise to licentiousness and anarchy.

Order is Heaven's first law, and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise, but who infer from hence,
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

POPE.

Every country contains designing characters who attempt to impose on the credulity of the unwary, and make them subservient to their nefarious views; we are not without our

share of them in the United States, but happily there prevails so much good sense and moral worth, that the machinations of the most intriguing and depraved are soon discovered and defeated.

THE ASSIGNATION—A BALLAD.

With hound and horn, and huntsman's call,
They chase the fallow deer;—
And thou, the noblest of them all,
Why dost thou loiter here?
Thou canst not deem within her bower
Thine own true love to see;
Dost thou not know at matin hour
It ne'er can come to thee?
My sister's voice is on the stair,
All in her maiden glee;
My mother's flitting every where,
And calling still on me.
My father's by the southern wall,
Pruning the old vine-tree;
My brother's playing in the hall,—
And all are waiting me.
Then off, and mount thy gallant steed,
To hunt the fallow deer;
Off, off! and join the chase with speed,
Nor loiter longer here.
At eventide my mother sits,
Her knitting on her knee;
And wakes by starts, and dreams by fits,—
But never dreams of me.
At eventide my sister fair
Steals to the great oak tree;
I may not tell who meets her there,—
But nought want they of me.
At eventide beside the bowl,
With some old comrade free,
My father many a song doth trol,—
But never thinks of me.
Off, then, with hound and echoing horn,
To chase the fallow deer!
Nor deem again at peep of morn,
To meet thy true love here!

MY HUSBAND.

When various nymphs with beauty's smile,
Threw round their fascinating wile,
Thy manly bosom to beguile,
My Husband!
Then who, by love's strong pow'rs imprest,
Selected me from all the rest,
And thought me wisest, fairest, best,
My Husband!
Resigning what's called liberty,
A willing captive now to be,
Who gave up all the world for me?
My Husband!
Who ploughs, perhaps, the foaming main,
Or boldly joins the warrior's train,
For me Dame Fortune's smiles to gain?
My Husband!
Who plants his groves and woodlands o'er,
Or tills the fields, or ploughs the moor,
To fill my purse with golded store?
My Husband!
Who, led by Wisdom's steady star,
Displays his talents near and far,
At church, the senate, or the bar?
My Husband.
And who, superior to pretence,
With brilliant wit and eloquence,
Delights me with his manly sense?
My Husband!
Who clasps me to his faithful breast,
And vows, that of such love possess'd,
No mortal man was e'er so blest?
My Husband.
Then let me use my utmost art,
Domestic comfort to impart,
And never pain thy constant heart,
My Husband.
O yes, with woman's softest powers,
I'll pluck the fairest, sweetest flowers,
To strew with love thy passing hours,
My Husband!
And, crown'd with peace and harmony,
Thy life so very sweet shall be,
Thou'lt bless the day thou wedded me,
My Husband!

FROM THE TRENTON ASSAULT.

MARRIED WELL.

There is not an expression in the whole English language more wretchedly abused than this—it is abused because it is misapplied. When properly used it tells of a heart and hand connexion; a blending together of similar tastes and fancies for the course of life; a giving away early in the spring of years the affections of the heart; and a joining them in marriage, with the steadfast determination of adding a joy to the existence of each other. But this is all forgotten in the race of selfishness; and the language is—"Mr. James Lovemoney has married well—very well."—"Ah pray, who has he married?"—"Why, Miss Lucy Ownmuch, the lady from the south; her father lately died, and she has forty thousand dollars at her command."—"Indeed. Well, I always thought James would succeed well in the world; he is such a genteel, good looking fellow, and there is something so insinuating about him; but is the lady handsome?"—"I never saw her but once; she was dressed elegantly then, but was a little lame, and squints with one eye."—"I did not stop to hear the further conversation, but probably the third, and last question, was—"Has she a good disposition, or is she intelligent?" But this last is a trifling matter with those who wish to "marry well." Well, we live to be happy—we ponder much upon the best method of becoming so; and if we wander from the true path in marriage, we get lost in a wild of misery, where the sun-light of enjoyment scarcely ever finds its way. Now, I, for one, do not believe that money is the grand *panacea* for every ill of marriage; or that it will create a smile of joy upon the brow where affection does not dwell. Take the word of an old fellow for it—he who woos and wins modest merit; who seeks a partner for the social circle, and a helpmate for the domestic concerns of life; who uses the voice of reason—and I have no objection to his listening to the warbling of fancy in his choice, will marry well: although he may not obtain a copper with his bride, yet she brings to him a willing heart and a free mind—and these are of infinite value to have ever around us, as we journey on through the world. There is a warning in Mr. Lovemoney's case, and a moral to be gleaned from it; still it is not in every instance that the lameness is perceptible, or the blindness visible, yet there is many a poor fellow who has been engaged in "marrying well" in the world, and yet has found to his sorrow, that he had been lame, and almost blind in the subject of matrimony. Away with it all—the wealth of an intelligent, virtuous, and modest partner, will last and grow bright with use, like Franklin's key—while the other may ride away on the wing of every speculation. I have done. A little miscellaneous chat on the subject is well—it interests us all—and always by reasoning together we shall become wiser—and better—and happier.

A gentleman having a remarkably long visage, was one day riding by the school at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation the man turned his horse's head, and requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I meant no offence in the world, but I have read in the bible at school, that a man's life is but a span, and I am sure your *face* is double that length." The gentleman could not help laughing, and threw him down six-pence for his wit.

TRUE FORTITUDE.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dare do more, is none.

THE ACQUES SNAKE.

On returning home thro' a large chocolate plantation, the slave pointed out to us a snake coiled up and apparently asleep. I told the Doctor I should like to have a shot at him; which I did with my left barrel, in which I had swan shot, and only wounded him in the tail. The moment I fired he sprang up and looked round and espied us, on which he came directly towards us, sweeping along, his head erect and about three feet from the ground.—We all now began to be alarmed; and the Doctor ordered us to retire a few yards behind a large tree, while he advanced to give him the contents of two more barrels, which movement was immediately executed, and when the snake was distant about ten yards, the Doctor and myself fired and cut him nearly in two, each barrel loaded with seven or eight small slugs. We then shouted victory, and Mr. Cade and the rest of our party who had retreated, being unarmed, came up to us. We examined our fallen enemy, and it proved a snake called the *acques*, from having a black cross like an X all along its back. The snake is considered by the Creoles one of the boldest and most venomous in South America. He measured about six feet and a half in length, and was as thick as my wrist. Had I been aware that this had been so bold and venomous a snake, I certainly should not have disturbed his siesta. The Doctor stated that several persons in the province had lost their lives from the bite of the *acques*; and that he had seen them considerably larger.—*Travels through Colombia.*

EFFECTS OF WAR.—It is remarked in a statistical article in a French journal, that the effect of the war of the Revolution has been to diminish the stature of the human species in that country. This is explained in the following manner: Soldiers are formed only of men who, for their physical formation, are the *elite* of the youth of the country. For the space of thirty years, there was an immense consumption of such men, and in the mean time the care of re-peopling the country was left, in a great part, to those men who were not large enough formed for soldiers. The large proportion of men who are of a short stature is proved by the following facts: According to the report of the operations of the conscription in France for the year 1826, in the number of 1,033,422 young men who were examined by the officers of revision, 380,213 were rejected because they were not four feet six inches in height. The French foot is about three quarters of an inch longer than ours, and consequently four feet six inches French, are equal to about four feet nine and a half inches of our measure. After the rejection of the above proportion of men for the French army, it is ascertained from the inspections, that thirty seven in a hundred are under five feet one inch in height, and only forty five in a hundred are over five feet two inches. From these facts it would seem, that after rejecting in the proportion of one third, for want of sufficient size, one half of the soldiers of the French army are under five feet six inches of our measure of height.

FIVE OFFERS.—Wherefore dinna ye get married? said a Scotchman to an old maid.—"Who shall I have?" replied she. "Wha'll ye ha?" returned the Scotchman—"Wha but Jamie Jimmeson?" "Do you think," said she, "I'll marry that old widower, when I've had five offers before, and all from a minister?" "Whew" rejoined the Scotchman, "Ye're worse nor Peter: he only denied his master three times! hoot awa! woman; ye're worse nor an infidel."

ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The stormy joy; the trembling hope
That waits on mightiest enterprises;
The panting heart of one, whose scope
Was empire, and who gain'd the prize,
And grasps a crown, of which it seemed
Scarce less than madness to have dreamed.—

All these were his; glory that shone
The brighter for its perils past,
The rout, the victory, the throne,
The gloom of banishment at last,—
Twice in the very dust abased,
And twice on Fortune's altar raised.

His name was heard; and, mute with fear,
Contending centuries stood by,
Submissive, from his mouth to hear
The sentence of their destiny;
While he bade silence be, and safe
Between them, arbiter of fate.

He paused, and on his barren rock
Inactive, closed his proud career,
A mark for envy's rudest shock,
For pity's warmest, purest, tear,
For hatred's unextinguished fire,
And love that lives when all expire.

As on the drowning seaman's head
The wave comes thundering from on high;
The wave to which afar displayed,
The wretch had turned his straining eye,
And gazed along the gloomy main
For some far sail, but gazed in vain:
So on his soul came back the wave
Of melancholy memory.
How oft hath he essayed to grave
His image for posterity;
Till o'er th' eternal chronicle
The weary hand desponding fell.

How oft, what time the listless day
Hath died, and in the lonely flood
The Indian sun hath quenched his ray,
With folded arm the hero stood;
While dreams of days no more to be
Throng back into his memory;
He sees his moving tents again,
The leagured walls around him lie,
The squadron gleaming on the plain,
The ocean wave of cavalry,
The rapid order promptly made,
And with the speed of thought obeyed.

Alas! beneath its punishment
Perhaps the wearied soul had drooped
Despairing; but a spirit sent
From Heaven to raise the wretched, stooped
And bore him with diviner air
Breathes balm and comfort to despair.

The Police of Naples has commissioned its Sherri to arrest all persons they may find in the streets whose whiskers are beyond a certain magnitude. They are to be taken into the nearest barber's shop, and to undergo a prompt depilation. The police discover, or pretend to discover, the evidence of Jacobinism in these preternatural amplification of whiskers. Here we will extract from Clarke's Travels, one passage on the subject of Paul's imperial regulations.

"A lady at court wore her hair rather lower in the neck than was consistent with the decree, and she was ordered into *close confinement, to be fed on bread and water!* A gentleman's hair fell a little over his forehead while dancing at a ball; a police officer attacked him with rudeness and abuse, and told him, if he did not instantly cut his hair, he would find a soldier *who would shave his head!* When the Ukas first appeared, concerning the *form of the hat*, the son of an English merchant, with a view to baffle the police, appeared in the streets of Petersburg, having on his head an English hunting cap, at sight of which the officers were puzzled. "It was not a cocked hat," they said, "neither was it a round hat." In this embarrassment they reported the affair to the Emperor. A Ukase was accordingly promulgated, and levelled at the hunting cap; but not knowing how to describe the anomaly, the emperor ordained that "no person should appear in public with the thing on his head worn by the merchant's son!!!"

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A GENUINE YANKEE PARAGRAPH.

"HOUSE LAUNCHING:"—The launching of the two brick houses in Garden street was completely successful. They were moved nearly ten feet, *occupied at the time by their tenants*, without having sustained any injury. The preparations were the work of some time; the two buildings having been put upon ways, or into a cradle, were easily screwed on a new foundation. The inventor of *this simple and cheap mode of moving tenanted brick buildings*, is entitled to the thanks of the public. *In the course of time*, it is likely that houses will be put up upon ways at brick or stone quarries, and sold as ships are, *to be delivered in any part of the city.*—*Amer. Pap.*

In the course of time we really do not know what is to happen in America. Jonathan promises to grow so big, and to do such wonders in a day or two, that no bounds can be placed to his performance in the *future tense*. Every thing of course will be on a scale of grandeur proportioned to his country, which, as he observes in his travels in England, is bigger and more like a world than our boasted land; instead therefore, of going about in confined, close carriages, as people do here, the Americans will rattle through the streets to their routs and parties in their houses. One tenanted brick building will be driven up to the door of another. A further improvement may here be suggested. Jonathan is fond of chairs with rockers, that is, chairs with a cradle bottom, on which he see saws himself as he smokes his pipe and fuddles his sublime faculties with liquor. Now by putting a house on rockers, this trouble and exertion of the individual on a scale so small and unworthy of a great people would be spared, and every tenant of a brick building would be rocked at the same time, and by one common piece of machinery. The effect of a whole city *nid-nid* nodding after dinner, will be extremely magnificent and worthy of America. As for the feasibility of the thing, nothing can be more obvious. If houses can be put upon cradles for launching, they can be put upon cradles for rocking, and if tenants do not object to being conveyed from one part of the city to another in their mansions, they will not surely take fright at an agreeable stationary see saw in them.

The descent over the Falls of Niagara of the Pirate Michigan, as the vessel was called, drew together some 10 or 15,000 spectators—of portions of whom, their character, and amusements, the Rochester Telegraph gives the following account:—"Amusements, in all the public houses, and even by the way side. There was Mr. Nichols, with his ventriloquial powers, teaching ladies to talk without using their own tongues, a favor which the husband of one of the ladies did not seem to be gratified, from the remark that his wife's organs of speech already bordered on the miraculous! The dog Appollo, too, was there, and played cards with, and gave lectures on astronomy to, ladies and gentlemen without number. Grosser amusements for vulgar tastes also abounded, such as caravans, mountebanks, learned pig, &c. Black-legs from all quarters were hovering like vultures about the place. Knaves were picking the pockets of fools by the aid of roulette, pharo, keeno, and dice tables. Upon the green, at mid day, lads and lasses responded with "light fantastic toe" to the sounds of the pipe and violin. All amusements, however, ceased upon the first cry, "she is coming!" and the eager rush of thousands, viewed from the roof of the Pavilion, was a scene which delighted every eye."

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Female Preaching.—The celebrated Miss Livermore delivered her "testimony," as she calls it, at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, in the great room of Tammany Hall. The room was crowded with a very respectable audience of both sexes before the hour appointed. The preacher entered punctually at the moment, and walked modestly through the assembly, attended by a female friend, to the seats provided on a low platform, upon which was placed a temporary desk. Her form is light and graceful; her complexion rather sallow; her eyebrows but slightly arched, and extended thickly across without the usual interruption between the eyes; her eyes a light grey; with dark hair parted in front and combed smoothly back—being cut off behind so as slightly to curl in the neck. Her hat was of plain black silk, after the pattern the Friends. A plain cap of fine bobbinet lace adorned her head, and her attire was altogether neat and appropriate, being neither plain enough to appear singular, nor so gay as to militate against her profession.—On the whole, her appearance was interesting, though she is neither young nor handsome. After sitting a few moments to compose herself, during which time, she spoke kindly of some little misses seated near her, she rose with a beautifully bound diamond Testament in her hand, and commenced her discourse with much solemnity, by an exordium, preparatory, as it proved, to her text.

Towards the close, she spoke very pointedly of the prevailing vices of the day, and with deep and solemn utterance pronounced a "woe! woe! woe!" upon our city, unless the people repented. She was commanded to say that some special judgments were in store for this guilty city, unless the unrighteous should turn unto the Saviour and repent.

After a few affectionate remarks by way of concluding exhortation, she declared the exercises closed. She appeared to prefer the writings of Paul, quoting them frequently, and with effect.

It is to be regretted that she spoke so often of being divinely inspired, or made necessary allusions to what she termed "steeple houses," as in all other respects her sermon was an excellent practical discourse, evidently calculated to do good.—But she is eminently laboring under a strong delusion, and should be rebuked more in sorrow than in anger. The audience was very grave, and listened with the utmost attention. Not a smile was seen, and the tears glistened in many an eye.

Two pedestrian travellers, natives of the north, had taken up their quarters for the night at a Highladd Hotel; one of them complained to his friend that he had a very indifferent bed, and asked him how he slept?—"Troth man" replied Donald, "nae very weel neither, but I was muckle better off than the bugs, for the de'il ane of them closed an e'e the hale night."

IN THAT HIGH WORLD.

In that high world which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears;
If there the cherished heart be found,
The eye the same, except in tears,—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet the very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light—eternity!
It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink,
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

DECEMBER AND MAY.

FROM T. HOOD'S WHIMS AND ODITIES.

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."

SHAKS.

Said Nestor to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
 "Why dearest will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes
 away?"

You ought to be more fortified!" "Ah brute be quiet,
 do;

I know I'm not so fortified, nor fiftified as you."

Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
 You'd die for me, you swore, and so I took you at your
 word;

I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty choice I've
 made,

To live and die the life of one, a widower by trade."

"Come, come, my dear, those flighty airs declare, in
 sober truth,

You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in
 youth;

Besides you said you liked old men, tho' now at me you
 huff,

"Why yes," said she, "and so I do but you're not
 old enough."

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a
 quiet hive,"

I'll be the best of men, I mean, I'll be the best alive!
 Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core.

"I thank ye, sir for telling me, for now I'll grieve the
 more."

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 20, 1827.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JOSEPH P." is under consideration, he should pay
 his postage in future.

The "*Anticipation of a Ball*," has been written too
 hastily—witness the following lines:—

"From this dull scene now let me hasten away,
 To where strikes on the eye the ball-room's array;
 Where fashion and wit together *doth wend!*"

The author, however, must not despair—will he fa-
 vor us with a prose article?

The note from "M. S." of Lexington is interesting,
 We should be happy to be better acquainted with him.

We welcome "D." with heartfelt pleasure. He
 stands conspicuous among the most conspicuous.

Alcor's lamentation is noticed—the omission was ac-
 cidental—but was it important?

"*Theophilus*," and "S. M. C." will each find a let-
 ter in the post-office.

LITERARY NOTICES.

For the information of the literary reader,
 we republish the following article explaining
 the object of a work noticed in our last, call-
 ed the *Spirit of the Old Dominion*. The work
 appears to be but little known—at least it is
 not as much known as it ought to be.

The *Spirit of the Old Dominion*, by Stephen
 T. Mitchell, Richmond, Va. This work
 which has been in operation a short time, in
 the capital of the state, is now offered to the
 patronage of the citizens of Norfolk, Ports-
 mouth, and their vicinities. As it is entirely
 devoted to the cultivation of Virginia litera-
 ture, and established for the purpose of affor-
 ding to foreigners a full insight into the pecu-
 liarities of character, customs, scenery and
 history of the Old Dominion, it is to be hoped
 that it will meet the warmest approbation of
 its inhabitants. The first six numbers will
 form a series of national tales, all of which
 partake fully of the character above mention-
 ed. Five have been already published, viz.
 "*The Soldier's Gratitude, or, A Legend of
 Lee.*" "*The Rose of the Allegheny.*" "*The
 Visionary.*" "*A Christmas in Jo-Tank.*"—
 And "*The Insurgent, or, A Tale of Early
 Times.*" The first four of these numbers
 are embellished with original lithographic de-
 signs executed by native artists.

This work is issued monthly, it is publish-
 ed on the finest paper, and the typographical
 department is conducted with a degree of care
 and skill not surpassed in this country. Each
 number contains 45 or 50 pages. The sub-
 scription price is five dollars a year, payable
 in advance.

The *Comet*, a new literary gazette, has just
 appeared in Albany. May its course be more
 steady, and even more brilliant, than its name
 would imply.

The editor of the *People's Press*, pub-
 lished at Xenia, Ohio, puts forth the following
 neat and gentlemanly paragraph, on the es-
 tablishment of a rival press in that village.

"The first number of the *WESTERN COR-
 NET*, and *Xenia Gazette*, made its appearance
 in our town on Friday last. The arrangement
 of matter and typographical execution, are
 neat and respectable, and the editorial de-
 partment exhibits a handsome share of taste
 and talent. We cordially shake [T] with
 our new neighbor-in-law, on his entrance upon
 the political arena, and greet him with the ol-
 ive of peace and friendship."

There is an evidence of open, honest liber-
 ality, in this greeting of a rival, which, we are
 sorry to say, appears too seldom among the
 editorial corps. An instance in support of
 what we say, occurred only a week or two
 ago in our own city. When a late evening
 paper was issued, there was but one solitary
 cotemporary paper which welcomed its ap-
 pearance among the family of daily papers,
 and that welcome was dictated merely by po-
 litical considerations. There was nothing like
 a friendly hailing of a brother laborer—no
 cheering words to encourage the editors in
 their new and arduous career—all was cold,
 and stiff, and formal. Surely, for appearance
 sake at least, a more liberal spirit should be
 manifested.

The condition of the press in this country,
 and the facilities which Americans possess of
 gaining information by means of newspapers,
 are strikingly contrasted with those of the
 people of Poland, as may be seen by the an-
 nexed paragraph:—

"The population of those portions of Po-
 land which have successively fallen to the
 share of Russia, is about 20,000,000. To meet
 the intellectual wants of such a mass of per-
 sons, there is but fifteen newspapers, eight of
 which are printed in Warsaw. Our ten or
 12,000,000 are supplied with something like
 5 or 600 newspapers. There is a difference
 here."

John C. Andrews, Esq. Editor of the Pitts-
 burg Commonwealth, offers the following lit-
 erary premiums:—

The publisher of the *Commonwealth*, with
 a view to secure as much choice original mat-
 ter for his paper as possible, is induced to offer
 the following premiums.

For the best *original tale* not exceeding four
 columns of the *Commonwealth*, \$30.

For the best *essay* on any subject, that
 comes within the design of the paper, \$20.

For the best *piece of poetry* not exceeding
 one hundred lines, and not less than fifty, \$15.

The different pieces to be forwarded (post
 paid) by the 1st of January next, with the ad-
 dress of the author in a separate envelope,
 which will not be opened until after a choice
 is made.

The publisher invites his western friends,

and his fair readers to enter the lists of com-
 petition for the above premiums. A commit-
 tee will be engaged to examine the several
 pieces presented.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SPELL BROKEN.

Oh, yes thou art, though chang'd, the same,
 I read it in that auburn hair,
 Those speaking eyes, that thrilling frame,
 Which breathes of heaven's divinest air;
 But yet, there is a shade of gloom,
 Which, to my spirit seems to say,
 That care and grief have marr'd thy doom,
 Since girlhood's bright unclouded day.

Fair creature! gazing thus on thee,
 The sunshine of the past returns;
 And, o'er what never more can be,
 My time-taught spirit hangs and burns:

Thou wert a bud of beauty then,
 A star-gem in a cloudless sky—
 A glory, idolized by men,—
 And who thy votary more than I?

How fleeteth time away! twelve years,
 With shades of grief and gleams of joy,
 Have come and gone in smiles and tears,
 Since thou wert girl and I were boy;
 Since, unreserved, how oft with thee,
 'Twas mine through wood and wild to range—
 And art thou silent! can it be
 That, like our looks, the heart can change?

When, within mine, thy fingers thrilled,
 Although 'twas but a moment brief,
 My heart dilated, swell'd, and fill'd
 My bosom with a gush of grief;
 That pressure was a spell—that touch
 The treasures of the past unfurl'd:
 Showing at once how Time so much
 Had changed thee, me, and all the world!

Oh! there is not an earthly woe
 So bitter, as to see the form
 Once overbright with beauty's glow,
 Bent down beneath misfortune's storm!
 To mark the once clear, cloudless eye,
 That swam as in the depths of bliss,
 Subdued to darkness, and the dye
 Of such a dull grey world as this.

Would I had known not this? Thou wast
 An image to my musing mind,
 Amid the sunshine of the past,
 In glory and delight enshrined;
 But now the spell is broken,—now
 I see that thou, like all canst fade,
 That grief can overcloud thy brow,
 And care thy cheeks, pure beauty shade!

Yes! thou canst change like all beside;
 And I have lived to look on thee,
 All radiant once in youthful pride,
 Chill'd by forlorn adversity;
 And though, like July skies of yore
 Glow'd thy serene unblemish'd frame,
 I've sigh'd to hear black Envy pour
 Her venom on thy favorite name!

Flower of life's desert! art thou sad?
 Nought purer breathes beneath the sun
 Than thee, in thy sweet meekness clad;
 What couldst thou e'er have said or done,
 That gloom shall reave thy thoughts of rest—
 Should dim the bright eyes, cloud the brow,
 And hang a burden on the breast
 Of aught so beautiful as thou?

Or is it that from wandering come,
 From travels of the land and main,
 It was thy hope to greet at home
 The faces of old friends again?
 Alas! if such thy cause of woe
 Forever quench'd their jocund mirth,—
 The old have died, and sleep below—
 The young are scattered o'er the earth.

We sow in hope—but from the seeds
 Of promise nothing reap save grief;
 Joy's flowerets fade to noisome weeds
 Of vulgar bloom, and bitter leaf:
 Age, when youth's wine hath run to lees,
 Confesses earth a vale of tears—
 'Tis only Hope's keen eye that sees
 Perfection's glow in coming years.

HOPE.

True hope is swift; and flies with swallows wings.
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

A GOOD DEED COVERED.
 How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

FOR THE ARIEL.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O, what were man—a world without a sun!

CAMPBELL.

When Adam walked in a state of innocence and uprightness before God, in all the dignity and glory of his creation, and as the representative of his Creator, he still felt an incompleteness in his enjoyment; until God, whose works of creation seem to have been progressive in excellency, made woman, and presented her to man, as the crown of his works, as the last and dearest boon of Heaven, as the brightest ornament of creation. Her condition was elevated—her duty sweet, to be an "help-mate" to her husband, to sweeten his solitude, to perfect his happiness. Submission and servility were yet never heard of.—Equal in dignity, their mutual care was to please and gratify each other.

Such was woman by nature; such her noble condition until she became the dupe of Satan, and the pioneer in sin; until she violated the command of her God, and rashly plucked the forbidden fruit. Had it not been for that reckless curiosity, which led her to stray from her husband, and rove the gardens, self dependent; and which instigated her to disobey her Maker, her condition had remained exalted and dignified as at first. But she sinned originally, and her husband fell through her seduction, hence the curse pronounced on her was greater: "Thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." The words of the curse themselves imply, that prior to that period, no precedence in authority belonged to man, that they were by nature equal.

In looking abroad on the world, how remarkably do we find this curse fulfilled.—Show us the country where woman has not felt the galling scourge of authority. Search the history of ancient and modern times, and where do we not find the poor female in subjection—how often too, groaning under the yoke of bondage, or employed in the most servile labors! The bare fact is sufficient to establish the authenticity of the scripture account of the fall of man. Though the natural powers of mind be as great in the female as the male; though they both have souls alike immortal; yet this subjection of the female has been universal and co-extensive with the fall of man. Nor can it be accounted for by any analogy. There is nothing like it in all animated nature—sex communicates no superiority elsewhere, but in human kind alone; and this superiority can be derived only from the curse pronounced on the mother of the human race. There is not an exception to the fact, that among all nations this subjection has existed. Wherever we contemplate mankind in a state of nature, this unhappy prospect meets our eye. In every savage and uncivilized country, we find them slaves to their husbands—tilling their fields—carrying their burdens, and performing every task of servility and drudgery, while their husbands are reclining in indolence and inactivity, or engaged in the more noble employments of war and hunting. We find the wife bought as a slave by the husband—and as

such not even admitted to eat at the same table. Among the natives of our own country, there is no more galling reproach, than to be called "a woman." Hence, too, arose polygamy. In fact, woman instead of being the bosom friend and counsellor of man, an object for the sweet interchange of social affection and conjugal love, held in regard and reverence, has, in most countries, become a mere object of convenience. Many, who have believed in the immortality of the soul have denied this noble quality to the female, and have regarded them only as objects of sense.

"Bred only, and completed to the taste,
"Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
"To dress, to troll the tongue, and roll the eye."

Even among the ancient Jews, the "people of God," we find that sex degraded. In scripture genealogies, they are quite overlooked. In the temple-worship, the apartment for the women was external to that of the men—more distant from the "holy of holies." The seal of the covenant between God and his church, was impressed only on males, and by them transmitted from generation to generation; and many other evidences exist in the old testament of the inferiority in which the sex was held.

Thus has woman paid, dearly paid for her curiosity in first breaking the command of her God, and tempting her husband to the same sin. We may say with Hamlet—"Woman, thy name is frailty." But yet we grieve to see thy lovely form bending beneath the fierce oppressor, man. In all thy wanderings and weaknesses, thou still dost wind thyself about our most inward hearts.

"For to their weakness, half their charms we owe."

We know that the cruelty and faithlessness of man, oft renders thee unhappy, and condemns thee to be "a pendulum between a smile and tear," and would therefore tenderly sympathise with, and support thee.

But a propitiation has been made for the sins of our first parent, and "the seed of the woman has bruised the serpent's head," and as the atonement was complete, the genial spirit of christianity has restored woman to her proper station, has made her still the ornament and boast of creation. And as in woman sin was first conceived, and Satan triumphed, so Christ, the Great High Priest of salvation, entered our world by woman; and after his glorious resurrection, announced his triumph first to women, and declared to them the restoration of Paradise. And wherever the cheering rays of the gospel have been shed, there the female is raised to her proper rank. And in proportion as the spirit of christianity has been developed in a nation, in that proportion is the estimation of the sex enhanced, and their loveliness appreciated: while, as a compensation for the degraded condition in which they existed in all nations since the fall, we shall now find christianity more richly revealed to the female, and the church of God crowded with "devout women."

The mild and heavenly spirit of the Gospel, breathing forth charity and love, lights with peculiar grace on lovely woman. Her sensibility and refined feelings lead her eagerly to embrace a system so congenial to her

nature, so fraught with benevolence and love and hope. Christianity is indeed her proper element—the atmosphere best adapted to her aspirations. And ah! what a charm does religion communicate to the delicate female!—How it softens every feature, sweetens every smile, and enriches nature. What a stream of loveliness and beauty it pours on her mind, how it glows divinely in her eyes, and irradiates her countenance. Heaven seems to expand and tranquilize her soul, and an inexpressible sweetness is diffused over her nature. Beauty without religion, is scarcely beauty—but allied to it, it is Heaven. Beauty seems a blank without it, and religion the pencil that draws the Heavenly picture. It is at all times woman's greatest, noblest ornament.—When to the charms of personal attraction, intellectual polish, delicate softness and moral sensibility, she adds religion; it seems to adorn and beautify all the rest—it gives a point to all her virtues, and bars all her charms. She then finds her way irresistibly to the heart; and not merely touches it, but by a *coup de main*, takes, and secures it—captivates and enthralls. It is such an one that is calculated to smooth the path of life to a husband:—Whose eye beams with benevolence, and whose heart glows with fervent, exalted, and unadulterated piety. THEOPHILUS.

A FRIEND IN KENTUCKY TO THE EDITOR.

The Tariff in Kentucky.—About ten years ago the staples of Kentucky were Cattle, Horses, Hogs, and Tobacco; when the latter article was in a great measure superseded by Hemp, and for a short time good prices were obtained, and manufactories of Hemp flourished: but for want of a protecting duty, the Scotch sent in Bagging, undersold the domestic article, and compelled every factory in the state to stop. Since the Tariff took effect, there are in the State, 22 Bagging, and 18 Rope manufactories, all in a flourishing condition, and producing an article preferred by the planters, at from two to four cents per yard, before the Scotch: the Hemp consumed by these Factories yields the Farmer a nett profit at the present prices of more than 100 per cent more than a crop of Tobacco would; and although the price will not be so great for the present crop, yet the Farmers admit it will still be the best they raise. M. S.

THE WATCHMAN.—BY MOORE.

Good night, good night, my dearest,
How fast the moments fly!
'Tis time to part—thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry,
"Past twelve o'clock!"—good night.
Yet stay a moment longer—
Alas! why is it so?
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more 'tis time to go.
"Past one o'clock!"—good night.
Now wrap thy cloak about thee,
The hours must sure go wrong—
For when they're past without thee,
They're oh! ten times as long.
"Past two o'clock!"—good night.
Again that dreadful warning!
Had ever Time such flight?
And, see the sky—'tis morning—
So now, indeed, good night!
"Past three o'clock!"—good night.

WORLDLINESS.

You have too much respect upon the world,
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

PLEASURES.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still.
If seized at last, compute, your mighty gain,
What is it but rank poison in your veins.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

A southern advertisement describes a runaway as having "a nose turned up six feet high!" Though there is no punctuation in this description, yet there is plenty of *point*.—A few nights ago, says a New York paper, 2535 eels were caught at one haul at Owego, averaging from one to five pounds each—more than 3000 pounds. There was certainly a considerable *nett* gain in this. —*Getting sober*.—A man in Norridgewick, Maine, applied to a magistrate lately, for permission to be put in jail for a few days. He said he had been tipsy for two or three weeks, and should be so for a long time to come, if he was not prevented. The Justice introduced him to the jailor, who locked him up on Saturday, and on Tuesday he came out a very sober looking man.—Going into jail we should suppose would be enough to sober any body. —The scriptures are now published by the British and Foreign Bible Society in 147 different languages, and the society has expended \$6,322,563.—Several hundred laborers are wanted to work on the Cayuga and Seneca canal—12 to 14 dollars per month will be paid cash.—A man in Canada offers to construct a machine for \$1000 which will carry him safely over Niagara falls. Will he give good bail?—*Incorrigible*.—Donald McDonald, aged 105 years, has been sentenced to the house of correction in Boston a second time, as a common drunkard.—A late No. of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser contained 306 new advertisements, besides 3 columns of Auction Sales. A country printer thinks he does well to get half that number, in a year.—Every man has a right to choose names for his children, but we doubt whether a man is justified in giving his son so ineffably absurd an appellation as *James Richard Napoleon Buonaparte Peter Winslow*—the son of a shoemaker in Maine.—A schooner of 120 tons, intended for the *West India Trade*, is building at Cincinnati, Ohio!—The question is discussed in some of the Western papers, whether females "should meddle with *politics*." Ladies who go into the society of the other sex ought, doubtless, to have some acquaintance with the topics which most interest the latter, and form the public business of the times.—But every friend would dissuade them from either becoming political partizans, or vehemently preferring any political opinions.—A fellow has been tried at Boston, and convicted of having two wives at the same time. He was sentenced to ten days solitary confinement, and one year at hard labor—about one tenth of what he deserved.—Several boys, said to be the children of respectable parents, have recently been convicted in Boston of breaking open and robbing a store. The Boston Traveller declines mentioning their names, because their parents are respectable! Pray, let me ask, can that man be respectable who brings up his children with such notions of morality and religion, that while they are yet *boys*, they are guilty of house-breaking and robbery? There is too much *false delicacy* and affectation in this suppression of names—though we have no wish to know them. It is

like a certain *fashionable* clergyman, who told his hearers that unless they reformed their habits, they would go to a certain bad place; but he would not name it, for fear of offending the ears of so polite a congregation!

LITERARY ITEMS.

Philadelphia Monthly.—The first number of this work was issued in this city on the 15th, in a style reflecting the highest credit on both printer and editor. The typography of the work is equal to that of any periodical in the country. The matter, also, and the manner, are such as to warrant us in believing that the work will be sufficiently valuable to ensure it a handsome and permanent support.—There is talent enough in the country to support a dozen such magazines: but heretofore, the difficulty has been to concentrate a sufficient amount of it in any one work.—This, however, in the Magazine before us, has been happily overcome; and the pages of the Philadelphia Monthly exhibit an assemblage of literary efforts of the most respectable kind.—We wish the editor much success in his *perilous* undertaking.

Mr. Carter's *Letters from Europe*, which have been so extensively published in the newspapers, will shortly be issued in two volumes.

General Washington's works will shortly be put to press by Mr. Sparks. They will be contained in 10 volumes with historical notes.

Mr. Canning's speeches are to be published in 5 volumes—the three first edited by himself.

E. B. Williston, A. M. of the Military Academy at Middletown, Conn. is compiling, and will shortly publish a volume containing all the best specimens of American eloquence known in the history of our country.

A curious work has lately appeared, entitled "*Chronicles of London Bridge*," which is said to contain many curious fragments of ancient literature and history.—Among the rare publications which are thus revived, is a pamphlet of four leaves, commemorating a remarkable flow in the river Thames, at London Bridge.

It is said that General Gourgaud has left France for England, with the intention of calling Sir Walter Scott to account. The cause of offence lies in the "*Life of Napoleon*." The General is a troublesome personage to authors—it is not long since he fought a duel with Count Segur, on a similar provocation.

It is said that James Mackintosh has sold his history of England to Messrs. Longman & Co. for six thousand guineas.

A Mr. Paul Brown has published a sketch of "twelve months in New Harmony," to the truth of which he has obtained the certificate of 17 of the late residents. The narrative professes to "disclose the real views and genuine character of Robert Owen, and to unmask his hypocrisy."

Messrs. Goodrich, of Boston, have announced for publication early in November, *The Token*, a Christmas and New Year's present.

The Life of Ledyard.—The history of this well known American traveller, will shortly

appear at Boston. It is written, and collected from the manuscript letters in the possession of the various branches of Ledyard's family, by Mr. Jared Sparks, and cannot fail furnishing much interesting information relative to this persevering adventurer.

Literary Prize.—A premium of fifty dollars is offered for the best original poetical address, to be spoken at the opening of the Theatre in Augusta, Georgia, on the 19th of Dec. next. The address must not exceed 60 nor contain less than 45 lines.

Jephth Regans, Esq. of Dayton, Ohio, has issued proposals for publishing an authentic account of the Indian Wars in the Western country, with narratives of the many massacres perpetrated on the Whites. The work will no doubt be valuable and interesting.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

Here let the muse her ready homage pay,
Here genius breathe her soul inspiring lay,
Here, to the Altar by young beauty reared,
By Friendship guarded, and by worth endeared,
Bring the warm gift, the offering of the heart,
Affection's fondest moments ere we part.
If this cold world hath one unmixed delight,
One cheering star that burns unchanged and bright,
In gladness and in sorrow still the same,
Oh, can you doubt that friendship is its name?
And here, o'er every consecrated page,
Friendship presides—her chosen heritage;
These simple flowers to her domain belong,
Who lives in feeling, and who breathes in song.

From the Bucks County Patriot.
THE PLOUGH BOY.

A farmer's prentice ploughing in a field,
Was sadly frightened at a sudden shower,
And seeing nothing that might shelter yield,
Flew from his work to shun its harmless power.

His hardy master when he reached the door,
Struck with surprise at such an useless flight,
Bade him return whenever the spirt was o'er,
And not give o'er until it rained downright.

The witless urchin as he took his way,
Saw that a darker cloud was rising fast,
But true to orders, still he worked away,
Tho' well he knew 'twas fuller than the last.

His sinewy arm was far fitter to guide
The plough, deep cutting thro' the grassy sod,
Than stay and reason in a field so wide,
Where brighter geniuses had often trod.

The rain in torrents soon descended o'er him;
With thunder, lightning, and a furious blow,
But faithful Hodge, in spite of either, swore him,
He'd mind his master, tho' 'twas storming so.

The drenching element unceasing fell,
Till night released him from the fatal plough,
A sort of sponge, Tom kept his spirits well,
But yet felt languid—he could scarce tell how.

"Lord bless you Tom" the smiling farmer cried,
"How came it that you staid thro' all till night?"
"Why faith 'tis this," the shivering boy replied,
"You bade me wait until it rained downright;
"And so I did, but was obliged to stay,
"For every drop fell *slanting* thro' the day!"

There is a joy of grief, when peace dwells in the breast of the sad; but sorrow wastes the mournful, O daughter of Tuscar; and their days are few! They fall away like the flower on which the sun hath looked in his strength after the mildew hath passed over it, when its head is heavy with the drops of night.—*Ossian—Carthon*.

Great men have need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it.—*Lord Bacon*.

The following lines were found in the Port Folio of HENRY MORTON, after his death. It seems he had formed an early and unfortunate attachment to a young lady who married another, with whom she lived very unhappy until her death, which occurred soon after. Morton survived her but a few months, and died of a broken heart. We have seldom seen more pure feeling, united with true poetry than is found in the third verse. *Onondaga Register.*

I saw thee wedded—thou didst go
Within the sacred aisle,
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,
Betwixt a tear and smile:
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,
But he it loved so fervently,
Was faithless all the while:—
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke.
I hid the love that could not die,
Its doubts, and hopes, and fears;
And buried all my misery
In secrecy and tears:—
And days passed on, and thou didst prove
A pang of unrequited love,
Even in thy earlier years:
And thou didst die, so fair and good—
In silence, and in solitude!
While thou wert living, thou didst hide
Affection's secret pains:
I'd not have shock'd thy modest pride,
For all the world contains:—
But thou has perished—and the fire
That often check'd, could ne'er expire,
Again unbidden reigns:
It is no crime to speak my vow,
For ah! thou canst not hear it now.
Thou sleepest 'neath thy lowly stone,
That dark and dreamless sleep:
And as thy loved and chosen one—
Why goes he not to weep?
He does not kneel where I have knelt,
He cannot feel what I have felt—
The anguish still and deep:
The painful thought of what hath been—
The canker-worm, that is not seen.
But I—as o'er the dark blue wave,
Unconsciously I ride,
My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,
My soul is by thy side:
There is one voice that waits thee yet—
One heart that cannot e'er forget
The visions that have died:—
And aye thy form is buried there,
A doubt—an anguish—a despair!

BOLINGBROKE'S CLARA.—Among the ballad singers in chief repute during the time of Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Steele, &c. (when as yet that tuneful tribe stood high in estimation,) there was a young creature, now known to the world by no other title than Clara, who drew much attention at this time by the sweetness and pathos of her tones. She was the original singer of *Black-eyed Susan*, and one or two songs which were afterwards introduced into the *Beggar's Opera*. But her recommendation to particular notice was the circumstance of her having for many years been the object of Lord Bolingbroke's enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which his Lordship had not seen her; and it was after that interval, that, having met her, he addressed to her the tender lines, beginning—

"Dear thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,
Believe for once the lover and the friend."

And concludes thus—

"To virtue thus and to thyself restored,
By all admir'd, by one alone adored:
Be to thy Harry kind and true,
And live for him who more than died for you!"

A series of calamities totally ruined her vocal powers, and she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges, at the Court of requests.

An Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, cautioned the public against trusting her, in these words: "My wife has elop'd from me without rhyme or reason, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am not married to her."

FOR THE ARIEL.

A NIGHT SCENE.

The peaceful summer sun hath set,
The pensive twilight faded now,
And evening builds a coronet
Of stars, upon her thoughtful brow.
And, as around the shadows close,
The day and all its troubles past,
Pale sorrow sinks to deep repose,
And care, to quiet rest at last.
Oh, how unlike the pageant show,
The busy noon of noise and mirth,
The scene, a few brief hours ago!
Abroad upon the living earth
Is the deep silence of these hours
So soft we almost hear afar
The teardrops, which, upon the flowe
Fall gently from some weeping star.
Now is the empire of sweet thought,
When nature, in her slumber, seems
With every beauteous image fraught,
That ever burned in fancy's dreams.
'Tis now the poet's numbers swell,
The lover feels his spirit stir—
His thoughts on her he loves so well,
Are lost to all the world but her.
Yon pensive moon, careering on,
Those glorious isles of light among;
Fresh and unclouded, as she shone
On Eden, when the world was young;
Smiles o'er the hushed and breathless vale,
And seems as if she paused to hear
The tender and ingenuous tale
He tells to her enraptured ear.
Beautiful night!—the mountains round
Repose like shadows on the sky,
The trees amid the still profound,
Like pencil'd pictures meet the eye.
The dwelling and the haunts of men,
Scattered beneath the moon's pale light,
Are silent as the silent glen,
This scene is thine, thou lovely night. D.

JOHNSON AND BURKE.—No great man ever praised another more than Johnson praised Burke. Remarking in conversation that the fame of men was generally exaggerated in the world, somebody quoted Burke as an exception, and he instantly admitted it—"Yes, Burke is an extraordinary man, his stream of life is perpetual." "Burke's talk," said he at another time, "is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full." An argumentative dispute with him, he seemed to think required such exertion of his powers, that when unwell at one time, and Burke's name was mentioned, he observed, "If that fellow were here now he would kill me. Burke (added he) is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you." Of all the triumphs of Mr. Burke, it was perhaps the greatest to compel the admiration and personal love of a man whose mind was at once so capricious and so good, so powerful and so prejudiced, so celebrated and so deserving of celebrity.—*Prior's life of Burke.*

Which is most preferable, to fill the mind with perfect ideas, or the stomach with dainties? the heart with good principles, or the stables with fine horses? to build learning upon learning, and knowledge upon knowledge, or a palace of one story upon another? ought we to take more pleasure in placing our pictures, or in ranging our ideas? in commanding a great number of domestics, or being masters of our passions.—*Crowat, art of Thinking.*

I know a great many people in whose mouth all these expressions—"He has an infinite understanding," "He has a perfect piety," "He is extremely obliging," "He comprehends every demonstration with the utmost clearness," "He has an invincible valor," signify nothing but that he is their relation; and in the mouth of others, that he is their friend, or their protector.

TO A LADY.

When memory fondly lingers near
The silent grave where love reposes,
And sheds with burning eye, the tear
On the pale wreath of withered roses—
Some seraph form, in brightness clad,
Comes to dispel the gloom of sorrow,
Bids the lone mourner's heart be glad,
And whispers—"she will wake to-morrow."
Thus, when beside the cheerless grave,
Of fond hopes perish'd, crush'd and blighted,
The minstrel stood, and madly gave
His heart where all his vows were plighted.
Then, lady, then, thy seraph smile
Beam'd o'er the heart by sorrow riven,
He bless'd thee—for he deem'd the while
That form the harbinger of heaven!
He bless'd thee—for that angel voice,
In accents soft as mercy's pleading,
Bade sorrow's mourning child rejoice,
And healed the heart with anguish bleeding.
He lov'd thee! but as pure ones love,
To whom celestial thoughts are given:—
Thine image he had shrin'd above,
He knelt, and worship'd thee in heaven.
Lady, if prayer can aught avail,
Breathe'd from the heart whence hope is banish'd
The brightest of whose sands are run,
The fairest of whose hopes are vanish'd—
No broken vow—no tear of sorrow
Shall dim the lustre of thine eyes—
But every hour from love shall borrow
New bliss, to lend thee as it flies.

A solicitor in Dublin, of eminence in the profession, was remarkable for a deformity in the right arm, which being much shorter than the other, procured him, amongst other appellations; that of the short hand writer.—One day, a clerk seeking employment knocked at the door, which was opened by the man of law himself. "Servant, sir," said the scribe, respectfully uncovering his head, "I'm tould your honor wants a hand." "You rascal," replied the enraged lawyer, "If I do want a hand, I'll let you know I don't want a foot;—and suiting the action to the word, applied his foot with such well directed force, a *posteriori*, that before the astonished writer could say 'Jack Robinson,' he found himself near the door of an opposite neighbor. No one had ever been known to cross the channel with such speed.

ROYAL KINDNESS!—A ludicrous incident is mentioned by sir John Sinclair, in his history of the public revenue, in regard to the "benevolences" as they were termed, exacted by Edward IV. from his richer subjects. An opulent widow, advanced in years, was personally applied to by Edward for her benevolence. She was so much pleased with Edward's person, (who was considered the handsomest man of his time,) and the graceful manner in which he had made the request, that she immediately answered—"By my troth, for thy lovely countenance, thou shalt have even twenty pounds." This sum was then so very considerable, that the king tho't himself bound, in token of his satisfaction, to give the old lady a kiss; who was so much delighted with this unexpected mark of royal favor, that she added twenty pounds to her former donation.—*Niles' Register.*

APHORISMS.—Perhaps the excellence of aphorisms consists not so much in the expression of some rare or abstruse sentiment as the comprehension of some useful truth in a few words.—*Rambler.*

Men must have public minds as well as salaries; or they will serve private ends at the public cost. It was Roman virtue that raised the Roman glory.—*Gracian.*

Antisthenes wondered at mankind, that in buying an earthen dish, they were careful to sound it lest it had a crack; yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flawed with vice.

THE VISION.—A FRAGMENT.

—His form was that of youth, erect and bright,
In boyhood's beauty; and the fearless air
Of pride was mingled with the tender grace
That dwelt in every movement; and his brow
Was high and fair, and o'er it clustering locks
Of ebony hair, waved thick and dark: his eye
Was bright and piercing; and its steadfast gaze
Was full of lofty thoughts, that seemed to soar
Far above earth, and range among the stars,
And grasp the past and future.—In his hand
He bore a harp, and ever and anon
He swept, as if unheeding, the strings,
Whose tones, high swelling, rose upon the ear
So wildly beautiful—then died in silence.
Around him flow'd a sable velvet robe,
And on his breast he wrote a gorgeous star,
The symbol of his rank.—Alone he stood,
Wrap'd in the workings of his own high thoughts,
Like to a youthful god, a thing for men
To kneel and worship.

The vision came once more, but not the same.
Years had passed over him, and yet more than years;
Deep grief had dwelt upon him, and his form
Was bent and faded; and his look of pride
And fearlessness was changed to bitter scorn;
And the deep trace of passions, fierce and high,
Was on his noble brow; and his dark hair
Was thin and silver sprinkled—his keen eye
Was sunk and hollow, but not dimm'd by age,
Nor yet by tears: the once rich bloom that glow'd
Upon his cheek, a few short years had seen
Changed—withered to the pale and sallow hue
Of heart corroding care.—He stood on high
As on a lofty mountain, and men turned
And on him gazed with awe and admiration.
Some, too, did hate him: but alike he seemed
To scorn their hate, and praise the same high thoughts,
Even as at first were beaming in his eye—
The steadfast look was there—but not alone;
For meaner things had reached his lofty spirit,
And stained the brightness of his glorious mind.
He struck the harp—'twas with a master's hand—
And sung a noble song: his theme was man;
For he had been a wanderer from his youth,
And dwelt in many nations: he had searched
The hearts of men in every clime.—But 'mid
The sweetness of his tones, harsh sounds were heard,
And sadness mingled with his song, and wo,
And passion fierce, and scornful mockery,
And curses dire.—Sudden he ceased, and flung
Aside the harp.—He paused—a moment paused,
Then grasped the sword, and shouted "Liberty!"
—The vision changed again.

I stood amid a multitude that gazed
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes, upon
A new raised tomb.—Warriors were there, and maidens;
And aged men, and mothers with their babes;
All, all were mourning.—Every land methought,
From the world's widest bound, gave forth a groan,
And men looked on each other as if earth
Was darkened by the terrible shadowing
Of some all-nameless universal wo,
And murmur'd "Death!"—Lo! he, the lofty one,
The warrior bard lay there 'mid nations' tears.—
The marble closed upon the clay that once
Was BYRON.

MAN.

VERSIFIED FROM AN APOLOGUE BY DR. SHERIDAN.

AFFLICTION one day, as she hark'd to the roar
Of the stormy and struggling billow,
Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore,
With the branch of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan
As he roamed on the verge of the ocean,
Breath'd on the figure, and calling it Man,
Endued it with life and motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and frame,
So stamp'd with each parent's impression,
Among them a point of contention became,
Each claiming the right of possession.

He is mine, said Affliction, I gave him his birth,
I alone am his cause of creation:—
The materials were furnish'd by me, answer'd Earth
I gave him, said Jove, animation.

The gods all assembled in solemn divan,
After hearing each claimant's petition,
Pronounced a definitive verdict on Man,
And thus settled his fate's disposition.

Let Affliction possess her own child till the woes
Of life cease to harass and to goad it;
After death give its body to Earth whence it rose;
And its spirit to Jove, who bestowed it.

Envy will merit, as its shade pursue,
But like the shadow, proves the substance true.—POPE.

HUMOROUS.

Prithee, Pains, lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

LONG LIFE INSURED.—A man greatly in debt, on his death bed, said to his friends—
"I only wish to live till I have paid my debts."
His friends commended the motive of his prayer. The sick man in low tone proceeded,—
"and if Heaven would grant me this favor, I know my life would be very long indeed."

A FRAGMENT.

"There are people," continued the corporal, "who can't breathe without slandering a neighbor."

"You judge too severely," replied my aunt Prudy; "no one is slandered who does not deserve it."

"That may be," reported the corporal, but I have heard very slight things said of you." The face of my aunt kindled with anger. "Me!" she exclaimed, "Me!"—very slight things of Me! What can any body say of Me!

"They say," answered the corporal gravely and drawing out his words to keep her in suspense, "that—that you are no better than you ought to be!"

Fury flashed from the eyes of my aunt.—
"Who are the wretches?"

"I hope they slander no one who does not deserve it," remarked the corporal jeeringly, as he left the room.

The feelings of my aunt may well be conceived. She was sensibly injured. True, she had her foibles. She was peevish and fretful. But she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The Pope himself could not boast more piety. Conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal. Why should her neighbors slander her? She could not conjecture.

Let my aunt be consoled. She falls upon the common lot of nature. A person who can live in this world without suffering slander, must be too stupid or too insignificant to claim attention.

"Doing" the Mosquitos.—Mr. Cunningham, in his Letters from New South Wales, says the South Sea Islanders clear their cabins of mosquitos at night in a very simple way. They dim the light of their lamp by holding a calabash over it, and walk two or three times slowly round the room with it in their hand. The mosquitos collect quickly about the light, when the bearer slips gently out of doors, puffs out the lamp, and jumps back into the apartment, shutting quickly the door after him, and leaving thus all the troublesome guests on the outside.

An Irishman, speaking of an oppressive landlord, wished that the man might live to see his own children fatherless.

A fellow once observed that he had put plates of brass on his boots to keep him upright "Well balanced!" (said a bystander) "brass at both ends."

A justice of the Irish King's Bench, in giving his dictum on a certain will case, absolutely said, "he tho't it very clear, that the testator intended to keep a life interest in the estate to himself." The bar did not laugh outright: but Curran soon rendered that consequence inevitable. "Very true, my lord," said he, "very true! testators generally do secure life interests to themselves; but in this case, I rather think your lordship takes the will for the deed."

EPITAPH ON ISAAC REED.

Reader! by these four lines take heed,
And mend your life for my sake;
For you must die like Isaac Reed,
Though you read till your eyes ache.

AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

PUNNING.—I have never heard punning condemned except by those who were incapable of attaining to much excellence in this species of wit. They seem to consider it beneath their dignity to stoop to such triflings, and will not deign to relax a muscle of their rigid features at the happiest efforts of a punster. I would not take the gift of dignity that is held on so slight a tenure, that may be laughed out of countenance by a joke, and frightened to death by a word. For my part I see no good reason why a man may not play upon words as well as any other wind instrument; if pleasure is given, the object is accomplished. The best concert I ever attended was the concert of punsters.

RACE OF MAN.

Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found;
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay;
To flourish these, when those are past away. Pope.

STUDY.—Study is a weariness without exercise, a laborious sitting still, that racks the inward, and destroys the outward man; that sacrifices health to conceit, and clothes the soul with the spoils of the body: and, like a stronger blast of lightning, not only melts the sword, but also consumes the scabbard.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine,
They like the sun, irradiate all between,
The body charms because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace;
Some forms tho' bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.

Absence lessens small passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires.

It is impossible that an ill natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men who never loved one?

EPIGRAM.

Paul so fond of the name of a poet has grown,
With gold he buys verses and calls them his own.
Go on, Master Paul, nor mind what the world says,
They are surely his own for which a man pays.

After having read all that is to be found in the language I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight in midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milkmaid, who undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon with humility every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head, by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet after all, must remain as ignorant.—Lady Montague.

A HYPOCRITICAL MISER.

Bartering his wit for venal gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.

Dryden, The Medal.

He that would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity.—Man of the world.

Pain and pleasure, like light and darkness, succeed each other; and he that only knows how to accommodate himself to their periodical returns, and can wisely extract the good from the evil, knows how to live.—Sterne's Sermons.

A CHARACTER.

Sometimes to sense, sometimes to nonsense leaning—
But always blundering round about his meaning. Pope.

FILIAL DUTY.—There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exists itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.—St. Julian's Lettres.

PRINTING.

Pamphlets, Cards, Handbills, and all kinds of Letter-Press Printing, done with neatness and despatch, at the office of the Ariel.